



will, that it may be 'harmful to your
to I am getting to the point where I
though I've got my hands tied
back to some extent, but I'm still

meantime, Branca continues
with the most primitive equip-
ment," joking that fortunately,
nothing I need to make my work,
a pencil and paper... that's one
I could deal with being thrown
for my debts."

Now, one might ask. Incredibly,
Branca's solution to the barren pros-
tituticality that defies vinyl is to
lead in the same vein, regardless.
His next effort include a paperback anthol-
ogy of underground writings by 50-odd
artists, *Just Another Asshole #6* (co-
edited with Barbara Essi), double-billed
with manic, mantric poet John
and the premiere of "Clafins," a
poem by Philip Bard Jim Perz.

score for his text. Branca's record label, Neutral Records (co-founded with Joshua Baer), continues to scout out offbeat and innovative artists, adding to a catalog that already boasts Michael Byron, David Rosenbloom, Sonic Youth, Eric Bogosian, Jack Goldstein ("I love his work—he's the best"), and others.

The near future promises to be a taxing one, even for the workaholic Branca. Upcoming gallery shows in New York and Cologne will feature his charts and drawings as well as scores from selected pieces, the latter a frenzy of whorls and spirals that call to mind redwood rings or shattered glass. *Work in Progress* includes an opera based on George Buchner's play *Woyzeck* (which Branca admits has intrigued him for "at least 15 years"). Also in the line-up is a ballet involving large numbers of dancers wheeling flock-like in choreographed mass-movement, an opera for Joseph Papp, and further forays into the

These are tough times, and the grit and gumption to pursue the not-so-profitable in the Day of the Dollar is not simply admirable but heroic. Sculpting Mount Rushmore-sized sonic bedrock into epic symphonies, Glenn Branca's work consistently cuts through artsy gutlessness with the assurance of a Black and Decker circular saw. We're talking raw power here, and an artistic honesty that fairly knocks the stuffing out of anything most audiences have witnessed in some while. Watching Branca conduct is like watching the rivets shimmy loose on a boiler about to explode as he contorts, writhes, and finally drops to the stage, pummeling the floorboards with clenched fists. This is live art of the highest caliber, what writer Jim Fouratt described as "the most intense music you'll ever hear in your life"—sacral, ragged and devastatingly honest in a scenario where honesty is the one brand name missing from the record racks, supermarkets and concert